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JEFFREY NUNAN, Editor

A Romantic Story.

Two guilty lovers escape from
luxurious homes in England, to face
want and privation for each other.
The Omaha Herald of a late date,
gives the particulars of a remarkable
series of events in the lives of two
lovers, who, after a long and stormy
career, which culminated in the arrest
of the interested parties in Omaha.
The case, to be fully understood,
must be written in full. The principal
characters are an English mer-
chant, aged about 35, who is married
and is the father of three children,
and a young lady about 17, the daughter
of a prominent clergyman and an
officer of the Established Church.
What strange fatality drew these
lives together and led them to make
common shipwreck of their own hap-
piness, and that of so many others
whose fates were bound up in theirs,
is not known. But, listening only to
the promptings of a passion so
strong that it engulfed all thought
of duty and reason, these two left
England together, on the 12th day
of August last, in a steamer bound
from Liverpool to New York. The
father of the girl had been warned
of the intimacy between his daughter
and the merchant, but the circum-
stances of the latter and the intelli-
gence of his child were, as he judged,
sufficient guarantees of safety. When
at length he awoke to realize the
terrible mistake he had made, he
hastened to Liverpool, and thence to
London, and in both cities employed
detectives of the best reputation to
assist him to further unravel the
mystery, and to, if possible, recover
his child. From that day to this,
he has been unremittingly in search
and having plenty of means at his
command, he has been able to employ
the best talent of England and Amer-
ica in his cause. At first and for
some months the field was very dark.
It was only known that his daughter
was gone, that about that time his
trusted friend, the merchant, had al-
so made a hasty sale of all his prop-
erty and had disappeared. The
detectives, who were employed in
New York assured the father that
the two had eloped together, but fur-
ther than that they could not go.
They gave it as their opinion that
the guilty party had come to New
York and had proceeded West. Af-
ter that the father wrote to a friend
of his in Nevada. By this means and
through inquiries thus set on foot, it
was ascertained that parties answer-
ing their description had been seen
in Burlington, and that the man had
been in the employ of the Burlington
and Missouri Railroad. Meantime
English detectives were at work and
the postoffice there was watched.
Through them a letter was discover-
ed, written by the man they were
looking for. It was postmarked
"Omaha," and the contents said that
he was living on the "great plains,"
39 miles from Omaha. It did not
say in what direction, but he was
hunting elk, antelope, deer and other
wild game. The father then wrote
to the Mayor of Omaha, giving him
a brief history of the case, with such
particulars as he had in his possession,
and imploring him to assist in
learning the man's whereabouts, in
having his erring daughter found,
and in persuading her to come home.
The Mayor of Omaha turned the
matter over to Marshal Seward, of
that city, with instruction to use his
best endeavors to find the parties.
The Marshal and his detectives have
supplied themselves with descrip-
tions of the parties, made diligent
search throughout the city and vicin-
ity, but with no avail. They did not
then obtain any clue as to their
whereabouts. But, by watching the
postoffice, a letter was found ad-
dressed to the man they wanted. That
was held back, and a note, request-
ing him to call on one of the post-
office officials for a valuable docu-
ment, was put in its place. The man
visited town to sell some game, got
this note, and called for the letter
mentioned in it. Then he was turned
over to Marshal Seward. When
first taken into custody, the prisoner
said that a mistake had been made,
he was not the man at all. But af-
terwards when he had been question-
ed and cornered, he admitted the
whole affair in its man incidents, and
admitted that the girl with whom he
had eloped was in this country. He
would not tell in what direction nor
how far distant from the city. A
party of officers set out in sleighs to
hunt for the girl, and they succeeded.
She was living in the house of
a Mr. Dickinson, on an island in the
Platte River. The house, which is
a small one, cannot be seen until one
is very near it, as it is almost entire-
ly concealed by alders on the banks.
The officers were fortunate in a con-
versation at Elkhorn, which gave
them a clue by which they were en-
abled to trace the whereabouts of
the lady. At any other season the
house could only be approached by
a boat, but at this time, the ice sup-
plies the want of a bridge. On en-

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LOCKED IN A FREIGHT CAR

Strange and perilous adventure of
a boy 11 years. The following is
taken from correspondence of New
York Times: Binghamton, January
10, 1872—An 11 year old boy of
this city, named Clarence Shanks,
was made the involuntary hero of a
most remarkable adventure a day or
two since. He lives with his par-
ents here, and was sent on an errand
on Friday last, with instructions to
return home immediately. Being a
good and obedient boy, his parents
naturally became alarmed when eve-
ning drew near, and he had not yet
returned. Messengers were dis-
patched in every direction, streams
were dragged, and every means taken
to obtain a trace of the missing boy—
all to no purpose. The search was
kept up all night, and then given
up in despair by the relatives and
friends. The mother of the boy was
almost crazed at his disappearance,
and her situation was becoming
alarming, when, about 7 o'clock Sat-
urday evening, the boy made his ap-
pearance, in an almost exhausted
condition, and exhibiting unmistak-
able evidence of having endured great
hardship during the last two days
absence. As soon as he was able he
told his story, which is substantially
as follows: When he went down
town on his errand, he saw, through
the open door of a freight car, which
was in a train at the Erie depot, a
quantity of corn lying about the floor.
He thought he would be a good
chance to obtain a nice meal for
some pet chickens of his at home,
and he climbed into the car and com-
menced filling his pockets. While
thus engaged, the door of the car
was suddenly closed and fastened.
The boy at once began to cry and
shout to make his situation known,
but to no purpose and soon the train
moved off. He said he first thought
of the effect his disappearance would
have on his parents, and then began
to conjecture how far he would prob-
ably be carried before he could make
his presence known. It was pitch
dark in his moving prison, and he
was bumped around on the floor
like a ball at every jerk and lurch
of the train, there being nothing to
hold to. At times, he says, he would
be thrown with considerable force
against the sides of the car, and he
had great bruises on his shoulders
and hips as the consequence. Scratch-
es on different parts of his person
and the presence of ugly-looking
splinters also testify to the character
of his experience on this part of his
journey. The train, he says, stopped
once before it made the stop when he
was discovered, and he did all in his
power to attract the attention of
some one about the station. He
shouted, pounded on the sides of the
car, and fairly shrieked for assist-
ance, but without the desired effect,
and he was soon once more rolling
and bumping around the car, on his
way he knew not where. The train
finally stopped again, and the young
prisoner, ascertained, from the move-
ments about the station, that some
one was waiting for this part of the
train, and he said he prayed that his
car might be one of them. His car
was one of them, and when it was
placed on the switch, he succeeded,
after laying there an hour, in attract-
ing the attention of a man who was
passing the car. He opened the
door, and upon seeing the poor boy,
covered with dust, in which the tears
had cut deep traces down the boy's
cheeks, brutally demanded, "What
the— you doin' here?" Choking
with sob, the little fellow told his
story, only to be informed that "he'd
better dig out a quick!" He then
went to the depot building, and asked
a boy what place he was in, and
how far he was from Binghamton.
The boy eyed him suspiciously a mo-
ment, and then told him he was in
Barton, about 35 miles from Bing-
hamton. It was after dark, and the
unfortunate Clarence was in an en-
tirely strange place, without a cent
to procure a morsel to eat or pay
his way back home. Moreover, the
cruel rebuff of the trackman had dis-
heartened him, and he could not sum
mon courage to ask assistance of any
one. He had obtained information
of the boy who had told him where
he was, as to the road which went in
the direction of Binghamton, and, at
a time of night when he would
have been sleeping in bed if at home
he started on his way to the city,
where his parents were searching in
all directions for him. He had no
dinner or supper, the pangs of
hunger began to assail him. These
he satisfied as well as he could by
eating of the corn which he put in
his pocket in the morning, which act
had placed him in his present un-
enviable situation. After walking two
hours, and passing many houses
where he could see the cheery lights,
and children playing within, bring-
ing the burning tears fresh to his
eyes, his strength began to fail him,
and he knew he must lay down some-
where and sleep. It was very cold,

and he was almost numb with ex-
posure. Coming to a house where it
seemed kind people must live, he
made up his mind to go in and beg
a supper and a bed for the night.
His hand was on the gate latch when
a fierce watchdog came bounding at
him and frightened him away. A
mile further on he came to a farm-
house, near to which, along the road
was a small enclosure, in which was
a hay-stack, and about it cattle feed-
ing. The almost frozen boy crawled
into the hay, although suffering from
hunger, and he soon fell asleep. He
was awakened once or twice by
mice running across his face, and by
the cattle rubbing and pushing
against the haystack. He awoke
early on Saturday morning, and upon
crawling to the ground he found that
his feet were frozen, and he was so
stiffened that he could scarcely
walk. No one was stirring about
the farm-house. He breakfasted on
raw corn. He met two wagons on
the road, but was overtaken by but
two, and these were heavily loaded,
and their drivers walking, so he did
not ask for a ride. He passed three
many villages, but, although fainting
with hunger, was not courageous to
ask for a mouthful to eat. All day
he journeyed along, suffering in
terrible physical and mental agony,
until just after dark, the lights of a
large town came in sight, and he felt
it must be Binghamton. So it was,
and about 7 o'clock he reached his
father's house, more dead than alive.
The boy tells his story in a very
touching manner. His extraordinary
experience has prostrated him on a
bed of sickness, but he is rapidly
recovering. Did David Copperfield's
famous journey to his Aunt Betsey
Trotwood ever before find so near a
parallel?

Fighting For Life.

A desperate encounter with a steer.
From the Peoria Ill. Transcript, Dec. 9.
Franc Burlet (pronounced Borlay), is a
stone-cutter, engaged in working for Tri-
ble & Belcher. He is a robust, and cour-
ageous man, and would be no mean
antagonist in a personal encounter, as our
acquaintance will show. Mr. Burlet resides on
Main street, on the bluff, somewhere in
the vicinity of Streibers vineyard and
beer-garden. Night before last he quit
work a little before six o'clock and
started for home. It was a little dark, and
he hastened along Seventh avenue on the
brow of the bluff, his steps doubtless quick-
ened by the thought of the warm supper
that was awaiting his arrival home. Near
Streibers is a small gulch, and just be-
fore reaching this, a large wild steer ap-
peared. Mr. Burlet at once attacked
him. Mr. B. thought the animal could
easily be frightened away, and raised his
voice into a shout and struck the beast
with his dinner-bucket. The animal paid
no further attention to him than to draw
back far enough to get a good start, and
then lunged at Mr. B. He had no time
to dodge and so started to run. The
beast followed and just before reaching
the little gulch above mentioned, Mr. B.
felt the beast upon him and turned. The
animal struck him with his head and
knocked him into the gutter. Then with
another lunge, the infuriated beast pinned
Mr. B. to the side of the gulch, one horn
passing under his right arm, and the other
passing under his left arm, and bearing
rather heavy on his left breast. The
gentleman thought his time had come, but
determined to make a desperate struggle
for life, and he gave at it. So he
caught the steer by the horns, and at-
tempted to push him off. The horn sup-
ping upon his left breast gave him intense
pain, and nearly drove the breath from
his body. The steer kept pushing with
all his might, but spent most of his strength
in forcing his horn against a stone under
Mr. B.'s right arm, or the man would
have had no chance for his life. Sud-
denly Mr. B. exerted his utmost strength
and by twisting the head of the animal
by the horns, succeeded in throwing him
completely over on his side. The
beast fell heavily, and Mr. B. didn't stop
to ascertain the result. Considering that
he had a respite from battle, he jumped
out of the ditch, and without waiting to
find out the fate of his dinner-pail, started
on a run for home. The animal made
no attempt to follow him until Mr. B. lost
sight of him in the darkness, and consid-
ering that he had all the fight he wanted,
hurried home without learning the fate of
the steer. Early yesterday morning, how-
ever, the beast was found lying dead, in
the position in which Mr. B. had thrown
him, and, upon examination it was found
that his neck had been broken. The sud-
den powerful wrench on his horns had
thrown the beast and broken his neck, at
the instant when he seemed about to put
end to the life of his opponent. We learn
that the steer, which was a fine large one,
broke away from a herd that was driven
from Farmington Thursday afternoon.
An Irishman employed at the residence of
one of the Messrs. Woodard, on the bluff,
was attacked and knocked down by him
before Mr. Burlet came along. In his
eagerness the beast sprang over the pro-
strate form, and before he could return to
the attack the man jumped up and ran to
a place of safety. But for his good for-
tune in falling the man would in all prob-
ability have been killed outright. Mr.
Burlet was almost yesterday, but his left
side and breast trouble him so that he did
not work. It is thought however that his
injuries are serious.

Getting Married Under Difficulties

The Colusa Sun tells the follow-
ing: On Monday morning last an
elderly gentleman who had evident-
ly passed through the storms of fifty
winters, stepped ashore from the
steamer Victor, at Butte City, about
25 miles above Colusa, and enquired
the place of abode of a young lady
residing in that vicinity. Upon
gaining the requisite information, he
repaired to the domicile occupied by
the lady in question, where, it is
said, he received a cordial and very
affectionate greeting. A light was
to be seen burning in that cottage
until a very late hour that night, as
two hearts beat close together, and
the two spent the witching hours of
night under the same roof. Warm
friendship merged into love. The
lady had made the acquaintance of
her admirer—a staunch farmer—
away up in the mountains, during a
visit last summer, and had started a
fire in his breast which time could
not quench. Upon this last inter-
view an important proposition was
made, which was sustained. It was
agreed that the two should travel
life's journey united by those silken
cords which no man can cut asunder.
The season of Lent com-
menced on Wednesday, during which
time the ceremonies of matrimony
are not recognized by the Church,
no time was to be lost in carrying
out their designs—in allowing "Win-
ter to linger in the lap of Spring."
The nervous couple, full of hope and
grand expectation, repaired to the
banks of the Sacramento River on
Tuesday morning, and awaited the
arrival of the return steamer, to con-
vey them to Colusa, in order that
they might stand before the altar on
that day, the last day of grace. But
true love, it is said, never did run
smooth, and neither did the river on
this occasion. The wind blew, the
waves rolled, the steamer arrived,
attended by a barge, and was unable
to effect a landing. The disappointed
couple stood upon the river bank
despair depicted on their counten-
ances, and plead in vain for Captain
Page to take them on board. Their
entreaties could not be complied
with, however, and the vessel steam-
ed down river, without the two can-
didates for matrimonial honors.
In their dilemma the unfortunate
pair made known their grievances to
D. B. Grant, a tender hearted bach-
elor, who sympathized with them in
their affliction, and procuring the as-
sistance of another humane gen-
tleman, they waded a skiff, took on
board the anxious pair, and were
soon gliding down the winding Sacra-
mento. Much difficulty was expe-
rienced by ill-matched oars, one being
nine feet long and the other five. In
about half an hour the party reached
Princeton, a distance of six miles,
where, upon making known their
mission, oars were speedily procur-
ed, and right manfully were they plied.
They passed the steamer about 15
miles above town, and arrived at
Colusa a little after 1 o'clock, all
safe and sound, nothing occurring on
the long journey to mar the pleasure
and comfort of the party. It was
not long before the lovers sought an
interview with the priest, and two
hearts were made to beat as one,
with no misgivings as to the ap-
proach of Lent. We trust the two
thus united may glide down the great
stream of life without a ripple, and
at last make a happy landing upon
the flowery banks of Paradise.

A Mysteriously Case.

A mysteriously blood stained room
in house No. 46 Jessie street, San
Francisco. The woman who lives
there says she had a fight with a
burglar, which seems doubtful. On
Thursday afternoon, Feb. 23d, a
woman met officer Kearns on New
Montgomery street and informed
him that a woman named McAvoy,
residing in the basement of No. 46
Jessie street had, some time during
the night previous, made an assault
on a man with a hatchet, wounding
him severely. The officer visited the
premises and proceeded to make an
investigation. The house, No. 46, is
a two-story and basement frame, oc-
cupied by two families besides Mrs.
McAvoy. The basement is divided
off into a front room used as a sleep-
ing apartment, a middle room used
for storing old lumber, and a kitchen.
On the west side of the house
is a narrow passage-way which leads
into the yard. In the middle room
is a window, the guillotine pattern,
which looks out on the passage-way
alluded to. The occupant of this
part of the house is named Mary Mc-
Avoy. She is a corpulent woman
about forty years of age, and is the
owner of the premises. She is mar-
ried, but occupies the house by her-
self, her husband being employed in
Contra Costa county. Officer Kerns,
when he entered the house, noticed
considerable dried blood on the left
side of Mrs. McAvoy's face. Then
he examined the rooms, and on a bu-
rean in the front room found a small
quantity of clotted blood, and near
the door leading from the room into
the middle one, a number of drops of
blood; then, on a strip of white mat-
ting in the middle room was a bloody
foot-print, and marks of blood he
saw on a clothes-horse in the same
room. A small hatchet, which is
blood-stained, and which has the ap-
pearance, from the stains upon it, of
having been driven at least an inch
and a half into live flesh, was at-
tracted his attention, and upon
further search he found a white pet-
ticoat and nightgown belonging to
the woman, and these were also hea-
vily stained with blood. The woman
in answer to questions put to her,
stated that she was awakened some
time during the night by hearing
some one raise the window already
alluded to and cry out "Lizzie, come
here; Lizzie let me in," and sup-
posing that it was either a "bedroom"
or a burglar, that she sprang out of
bed, seized the hatchet and ran to the
window. Just inside the lower sash,
which had raised, that she caught
him by the hair with her left hand,
and then struck him several as se-
vere blows as she could give on the
head and shoulders with the hatchet
which she held in her right hand;
that when she struck him the blood
commenced to flow from his wounds,
and some of it flew up in her face
and on her clothing, and that on
walking around the room she stepped
on the blood with her naked
foot, and must have left the print on
the matting which had been seen by
the officer. She said that when she
"got through striking" the man he
went away, but she did not know
how. Her story would seem plausible,
were it not for the fact that the
officer found the window already de-
scribed, it is evident that no one had
raised it from the outside. Further-
more, no signs of a scuffle were dis-
covered, and there is not a single
trace of blood either on the window
panes, the sashes or casing, and not
a drop of blood was discovered on
a wide plank which runs the entire
length of the passage-way. Nowhere
about the house, inside or out, except
in the places described, was a trace
of blood discovered. None was seen
on the fences in the yard, nor on the
sidewalk in front of the house. It
is fair to presume that if a man had
been wounded in manner described
by the woman, and who bore marks
of having been driven to a consider-
able depth into flesh, some traces of
blood would have been discovered
outside the house of the house; but
there are none, and it is, then, to be
inferred, that the woman had a fight
inside of the house with some one,
and then made use of the weapon.
Some of the neighbors informed the
officer that during the night before,
Mrs. McAvoy had a quarrel with a
man in her rooms, and that at about
2 o'clock in the morning, a fall, fol-
lowed by a faint moan was heard
proceeding from the basement. That
some time after that Mrs. McAvoy
was heard working in one of the
rooms, and from the peculiar noise
she made they supposed she was wip-
ing up something on the floor. The
officer made numerous inquiries, but
was unable to learn of any man, woman
or child who had been wounded,
and then he returned to the house
and made a further search, and was
unable to discover anything that
would throw any further light on
the matter, and there it now stands.
Further inquiries will be made, to
ascertain, if possible, whence and
how the blood came.

• SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

